Devouring Him

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Devouring Him

by TheChesapeakeStripper

Summary

Will clings to Hannibal after a case unsettles him, the "good" doctor sees this as the perfect opportunity to tip Will's balance upside down and possess him, only now it is more than a desire to eat him; he wants to devour him. Poor Will has been harboring sexual feelings towards his therapist and now friend and when Hannibal ends up in his house after a supposed desperate plea while Will was dreaming the case is forgotten as Hannibal plots to claim him.

Notes

I apologise in advance for spelling errors or if I get my facts wrong, hopefully will continue this as and when i can and there will be eventual and possibly kinking sex so bare with me.

Chapter 1

The time with Dr Lecter were bitter-sweet to Will; on one hand he had to think about all the murderers in his head and the blackouts but on the other hand it was strangely peaceful in its own odd way. But several sessions in his feeling began to change, he saw Dr Lecter as a friend but certainly no more as it would be illegal, amoral and there was no way Hannibal felt the same about him.

“Will?” Hannibal's rich voice brought him slowly back to he reality of the darkening room; the curtains hung shut like the closure of the play known as sunset, the last remnants of sunlight had long since flown from Will Graham's stubble flecked jaw. He cleared his throat and forced himself into a more upright position “You were telling me about the case.” He instructed at the dazed man opposite his desk in a red plaid shirt and jeans as he pushed his falling glasses back up to the bridge of his nose.

“Y-Yes...The case...” he trailed off as he noticed how meticulous Hannibal looked with his sharp creased suit in a dark blue which set off the burgundy tie and black waistcoat. Always so meticulous, so well preserved that it was hard to see him as anything but. Will Graham wanted to see him dishevelled and out of control. Wanted to be the one who made it happen. He cleared his throat and dragged his eyes away, not daring to look him in the eyes “It was...Brutal, angry. He seemed upset with the victims...L-Like l-lovers,” He swallowed and moved to rest on the other arm “He felt rejected b-by them...S-so he...de-destroyed them. A-all of them.”

Three women and then a man had been violently raped, their bodies slashed into ribbons and hearts torn out and burnt, albeit crudely, beside them. It was a little too symbolic for a psychopath and too unorganized for a sociopath. The change from female to male had spiked interest in the FBI “H-He's unravelling...” Will explained to the floor “He d-doesn't care who it i-is so long as they d-die. I-i can't....there isn't any method!” Will's voice rose suddenly, filling the large study with its slight break. He felt utterly useless in this scenario, the killer didn't decide who he killed any more and he didn't care. Will could feel that trickling into the crack in his own mind *anyone, anyone would do.*

“Will, if you would like us to end the session, that will also be okay.” Hannibal stood and placed a hand on his shoulder, their faces almost level-not a hair out of place-but...When had he stood up? Will looked about like a startled doe and began to form an apology before Hannibal moved back “you are clearly distressed, allow me to drive you home.” Will simply nodded, pulling the thin jacket around him, more for comfort that warmth.

The car was as spotless as its owner which lead to a few moments of indulgent and graphic images of ruining both Hannibal and his car at once as well as the quick rearrangement of his jacket just as a precaution. The journey was mostly silent, Will stared out the window as he watched the blurs of trees and the occasional house enter and leave his mind with surprisingly little thought, the world didn't seem to exist outside of the warmth inside the car. Yet the pinpricks of the cool window hitting his face woke him eventually. They were outside his house already, the normal homely feel still there despite it looking speckled with shadows

that could conceal anything at all. Hannibal sat and waited patiently for him as he pulled himself back together into the small clinging islands of thought which called themselves Will Graham.

“Do you want to come in?” he mumbled gesturing to the house just to clarify as he once again pushed up the irritating glasses that slipped down the slight of his nose and awaited Hannibal to answer.

“It is late, I west be off, Will.” He said looking at him with mild concern, or maybe dissection, “Unless you feel you are at risk if I do not stay, that is, do you Will?” His voice was gentle, one of the few sounds in this open empty land and it reminded Will that he was often devoid of human company, or at last human company where he did not feel as though he were walking on eggshells with a blindfold on and no limbs.

“Ah n-no, you need-should go.” Will apologised and climbed out of the car in such a haste that he nearly fell as his foot hooked through the underneath of his seat.

Hannibal watched him go and nodded in acknowledgement as the car door was shut and his slender, much too slender, patient walked up to his house, unlocked the door and took a moment to wade through dogs before he was able to shut the door behind him. It was only then that Dr Hannibal Lecter drove away from the isolated house in amongst the fields away from the rest of the world and back to his own home. Hannibal wanted Will Graham, all of him completely in every way; he was the only one who would ever understand and yet the only one he did not mentally carve into joints as he watched him. No, what he had in store for Will went far beyond a desire to eat him, he wanted to devour him.

The forest was in all directions, no matter where he ran in its midst the stag would catch up with him and tear his body a part piece by piece. He screamed out for anyone who would save him but nobody came so he sunk to his knees and curled in on himself; forsaken and alone. For a moment the stag was Jacob Hobbs again, his own hands sinking into his flesh over and over; no knife but still his fingers pressed into him and left bullet like marks. The bitter tang of blood filled his mouth until he felt he would gag on it.

When Will woke he was in his bed, for once, slightly damp with sweat and panting heavily as the nightmares dispersed, eyes flicking he pulled himself up only to come face to face with bow-like lips, a stern expression and neatly parted hair. Eyes like a swirl of rich earth encompassed by a gentle line of coal looked over him, Why was Hannibal Lecter in his bedroom? Will looked down the man's body and noticed the same suit from their appointment which eliminated most of his Hannibal-related dreams. “Wha-why?” he groaned as his body shook with the force of the pounding in his head, accepting the pills and water pressed into his hands and swallowing them with a much grace as a legless horse. He downed the rest of the water to clear his throat “Why are you i-in my house?”

“You rang me screaming so I rushed over, it was a nightmare and you would not wake up.” He began and stretched a little, clearly cramped from sitting on the bed for the past few hours, his suit had a few creases across it, and his tie was a little loose, hair slightly mussed as the morning had progressed “I was able to get towels but there was nothing else. Before we talk of these dreams I suggest that you eat, I have prepared something for you.” the kitchen was not awful but merely lacked the standards Hannibal was used to, the ingredients

available, however, had been limited to barely edible levels. Luckily he had the hindsight to bring his own and an elegant plate of chopped liver (From an annoying young and quite healthy salesman) on a thick slice of white bread lay on Will's counter as he stumbled downstairs in only a dressing-gown, underwear and sweaty t-shirt. He swallowed and sat down, pale hands cupping over a paler face.

“N-no thank you Dr Lecter,” He said looking as far away from Hannibal as he could without seeming too suspicious although his body shook somewhat “I doubt I can s-stomach it after last night.” His protest was ignored and the plate lain in front of him along with cutlery ad a napkin. Will gulped and moved his hands away, eyes still trained on a slight chip on the table leg.

“Will, I insist you eat.” He said a little firmer and took his own seat beside Will, their legs would have touched if Will had not been turned slightly away from him. He ate slowly and begrudgingly but the food was nice as it always was when prepared by those skilled hands. He finally pushed away the half empty plate and mumbled a soft thank you before standing to take the plate. Hannibal rose quickly and lay a hand on his shoulder “Go and shower Will.” he order and took the plates himself, scraping the leftovers into the bin as Will moved slowly back upstairs,a hand fisted in his hair as another wave of pain shot through every nerve in his body. The warm water helped to clear away the sweat and dirt on his body even though the pain remained and hit causing him to lean against the walls gasping as image after image of anger and a disgusting hunger attacked him.

Cascading water that ran in trickling streams over his body were only just enough to keep him awake. He emerged light-headed from the heat, black spots in front of his eyes for a few moments as he changed into loose jeans and a simple blue shirt, his hands shook a little and the room seem to spin and distort, he clung to the walls of the staircase before re-entering the kitchen with its pile of neatly stacked washing up, pressing his palms against his eyes, glasses forsaken to an upstairs dresser as he was distracted by glimpses into yet another monster's mind. Will looked at the cleaned kitchen and thought for a second about how useful it would be to have a cleaner to help out, especially such a handsomely skilled one.

An immense desire, lust, lust for control and total domination, his all his and no one else would dare go near them now. Possessive and unravelling, all were targets noone was safe. Just needed to kill.

He came back to himself with his head against something slightly soft and clung to it a little, it clung back and he jumped as he realised he must have fallen against Hannibal as the sudden memory of the crime scene rushed over him like ice-water “Ha-nni-bal.” he groaned as he was lead to the sofa and gently laid down, the softness opening to him, no, he did not want to sleep or return to the nightmares! “Hannibal!” he cried out only to relax and a skilled hand stroked over his knuckles in a slow steady rhythm.

“Will you need to sleep, I will tell Jack Crawford you are taken Ill as well as excusing myself for the day to remain with you.” Hannibal's voice was soothing, gentle on Will's ravaged mind like a balm as he slipped into sleep ,despite he himself objecting, his exhausted body welcomed the rest. Will Graham was a wreck. A wreck that Hannibal Lecter intended on shattering and reforming in an ideal image for his own purposes.

Will slept fitfully; tossing and turning, crying out only to have the words frozen on his lips. Hannibal was in love with this particular symphony. A few times the empath tried to get out only to be gently escorted back to the sofa with a few touches, it was similar to having a child. He finally awoke in a hot daze and looked up to see Dr Lecter sitting patiently in a chair opposite, like a realistic portrait without a single hair or crease out of place. He rubbed his eyes and tried to chase the dream...nightmare he had been having, the stag had reappeared and, watched? Watched him shoot Garrett Jacob Hobbs over and over again. But that was all he could remember and he did not want to remember.

“Will?” Hannibal's soft accent slid through to him and made him turn a little, he reached for his glasses only they were not there. Hannibal stood over him and handed him them. They looked like they had been cleaned meticulously and not a spot was left on them. “You do not sleep well, perhaps if you had someone to watch over you more often you would be at a less risk.”

Will simply nodded, throat sore from screams he did not remember making to reply. He had considered something like this in the past but it felt a little to much like being babysit and he had no desires as of yet to get married or even attempt a relationship. Alana had seemed tempting but fear of ruining their friendship seemed too great. He groaned and looked away from Hannibal, the man was too intense, too perfect that he felt drawn to him but also scared. He had seen some of the inside of Will's head, but it was like a mirror of a hundred other peoples' minds, barely a mind at all actually and it seemed to intrigue the Dr along with so many in the past. And yet he never pressed it and Will only saw it in his eyes for a second, a brief moment of intrigue out of the corner of his eye.

“Here.” Hannibal had left and brought back a cool glass of water by the time he resurfaced reality. He sipped it, trying not to gag as it ran over his hot throat, not daring to let go of it as though it would offer some kind of protection. “I consider you my friend, Will,” he began and sat back in the chair “So perhaps you could consider staying with me. Of course it would not be entirely in accordance, but I believe it is what will be best for you, Will.”

Will looked away confused, staying with Hannibal seemed efficient on paper but on reality it would seem abnormal, plus it was against the convention of the doctor-patient relationship. However as friends it seemed normal, was Hannibal his friend? They spoke often and intimately but then again that was his job, although it was obvious he thought it was more than that or he would not have allowed his current behaviour of turning up unexpectedly. "I need...to think on it." He mumbled into his water, Hannibal nodded in understanding, leaning on one hand as he observed Will.

"I doubt you want to sleep, Will." He broke the silence and shifted slightly, he looked more comfortable in Will's house than he himself did, actually he seemed more comfortable in Will's head than he did. "Perhaps I might suggest an alternate activity."

Will did not respond for a minute before looking up "hmm, oh...right, yeah." He mumbled and turned to sit up straight, it felt a little like a hospital visit with him just laying there like an invalid.

"A walk," Hannibal said watching Will move with a measuring gaze "The fresh air will help you breathe and give you room to think." It was a strange idea, Hannibal anywhere but in his

office seemed weird for that matter. He nodded slowly and went to stand up, glad for the support of the arm about his waist, Will found himself clinging to Hannibal, eyes cast down in their usual heavy lidded gaze, he was tired, so very tired in a way sleep could not help.

Chapter 2

The air was brisk to say the least but it was a small distraction, it was strange to see Hannibal out in a field still looking as impeccable as ever, even the wind seemed to have little effect on him, although it *delighted* in whipping his hair into his eyes and mouth. Neither broached the silence and it was fine that way. It wasn't until Will began to shiver a little that they turned back, the house looked smaller, like a dolls house only a little more ragged, he pressed his palms against his eyes and tried to take deep breaths, cool air like ice in his lungs. A hand at his waist interrupted the steady actions, Will turned to look away but stopped, shooting a side glance towards Hannibal, looking at him was a little unnerving at times with those deep eyes seeming to stare right through his every mask and secret; bare under those eyes and quivering he clung a little, testing the boundaries, he pressed a little closer for the warmth and just to touch.

Hannibal smiled to himself and let his arm lay across his Will's shoulders, tentatively holding him close and sheltering him from the harsh and brisk air that berated Wolftrap that evening. Under the desire to devour Will Graham hid the far more complex emotion of desire; friendship or maybe more, he was uncertain as of yet but Will was interesting in a way no one else was, the normal hunger he felt had evolved. Perhaps it was because his sweet Will offered so much more than just meat on a plate, if it was to become sexual then he suspected Will would fall to him a lot easier. He eased Will inside and helped him out of his coat, the man's frozen limbs too awkward for the movements himself.

He complied with the gentle movements, left standing like slightly warmed marble under the lights, he watched Hannibal hang up their coats before turning back to him. Their eyes met, Will jolting at the sudden invasive intimacy he was still not used to. He swallowed and looked away only to find Hannibal had moved away towards the staircase but only watched, still too frozen to move on his own although he suspected it was no longer the cold that left him in his place. A heavy blanket being draped about his shoulders woke him from the constricting thoughts as though the weight had beat off the suspicions he was developing about his own actions.

“In my professional opinion insomnia is not the cure to your nightmares,” Hannibal spoke in the silence, a hammer shattering brittle ice “So perhaps some other method-” Will shook his head and swallowed dryly.

“N-no, I can;t stay with you, it would be wrong and if anyone found out things would go very wrong.” he swallowed and pulled it about him tighter and tried not to look like a desperate fawn in headlights. Will wandered into his living room and collapsed into a chair with little grace, the cold penetrating through the blanket a little. Sleep tugged at his lids, he thrashed out not wanting to sleep but its heavy veil seemed to coat him like his normal nightmare induced sweat.

“Will,” he interrupted with a firm hand on his shoulder to rouse the frightened man “I do not want to cause you distress and I am aware this does that exactly. I would like to suggest that you see me more frequently, although you are invited to use my time when possible, I think

you need more than you give me.” He sat opposite, one hand supporting his head while the other rested against the arm of the chair, it was like they were in his office again.

Seeing Hannibal more often was a good thing up until the fact they would have to discus his dreams, even the non-sexual ones were sensitive although he already new he dreamed of Hobbs and murdering so many others his mind had touched, even the good doctor once or twice, but he did not want to tell him “D-do you dream?” he questioned staring down at his feet “Y-you've see death, does it haunt you?” his voice had become somewhat hysterical but not to the point of concern.

“Yes,” Hannibal said straightening up his back and angling himself towards Will; good body language was good even if the other people were not looking “It is natural. The brain processes that which we cannot understand or confront to make it easier. You have reoccurring dreams because the issue has not yet been addressed. You were dreaming of Jacob Hobbs when you called me.” He stated and crossed his legs “You have not come to grips with the actions you took and so your subconscious attempts to make you confront them. I think you need to stop running and face Hobbs.”

“I do face him,” Will muttered “I can't look away from him. Every time I see a body it's his face staring back at me! I just want to be able to sleep without waking up in my own sweat and scared that I am becoming a monster!” Will was stiff, now standing up without realising it. The blanket lay discarded as his hands were balled into fists that pressed sharp crescents of nails into his palms.

Hannibal stood to be at his level “You are not now nor are you becoming a monster. This is all just fear that your mind has concocted. You were close to Hobbs in a way most people are not even to themselves, it will be had to disconnect from him but it is possible.” He rested a hand at Will's wrist and brought his hand up to look at it a little closer before gently unfurling his fingers one by one, trailing a finger over the indentations left on the sot flesh of his palm.

Will tried to swallow but his throat felt like it was betraying him out of any semblance of breath so he nodded dumbly, head lulling slightly and sleep settled over him like a coat of iron chain mail only more painful and likely to leave him bruised in the morning.

Hannibal sat him back in the chair, a compliant doll under expert hands, with ball joint limbs and a soft bead of blood at his wrist like a ruby hewn in dirt and marble skin. His doll was beautiful in its chair, head resting against his shoulder like a child who had stayed up all night. Hannibal stared at the drop of blood slightly congealed against Will's skin, gaze becoming a leer which turned into lust. He leant forward and pressed his lips over it, letting his tongue gently brush over and curl over it, rolling the taste of Will across his tongue. He hummed softly as he swallowed the traces of the delicate metallic tang which slipped down his throat. Hannibal had expected him to taste good and he did, sadly the anaesthetic soured the taste for him. Maybe he would taste Sweet Will's blood untainted but that would have to wait until he was completely in control of him. That day would be fairly soon and he was a patient man. Hannibal stood watch over Will, neatly arranging the blanket over his body, using a flat palm to smooth out the creases before he sat back down and allowed his own eyes to rest somewhat, confident that he would wake first.

Nothing...his mind was silent almost peaceful apart from a slow hum that seemed like background noise, he was barely even aware he was sleeping due too the lack of blood and nightmares. It was not too dissimilar to floating in a strange transparent gas; he was aware it was there but much like the hum, background to the point where it was almost immaterial. The lack of awareness was nice. Peaceful.

Will awoke on one the chairs in his living room, there was no sign of Hannibal in the expanse and the dogs were back inside, a sure sign he was not there any more. The dogs did not like Hannibal or maybe it was the other way around but he seemed content enough to feed them when Will was away, maybe it was the smell, he seemed to have a keen sense of smell and the dogs were allowed to roam about nearby. Although he washed them occasionally even the smell of a wet dog was an assault on the senses. Maybe he had become used to it in a way he never could to the sight Garrett Jacob Hobbs dying by his hand. Strange. He had not dreamed of it last night, Will scratched his wrist absently, wincing as he broke skin. He looked about before quickly grabbing a plaster ,from the first aid box he had recently bought, laying it over the slight droplet that threatened to bead down his skin. He needed to be more careful in the future. He stretched a little as he wandered about and stroked the strays' heads gently, laying out food and water for them but neglecting himself. It was easier to look after others than himself.

A soft hum disrupted him from this and he looked about confused and blurry-eyed for the source; his phone. It was in the midsts of the blanket, glassed resting neatly on the arm of the chair, he slid them on as he grabbed the phone but they slipped off the bridge of his nose. It took some juggling and co-ordination to push them back up without hitting himself with the phone.

'Good morning, Will, I had to leave before you woke to run an errand, I should return by early afternoon. Hannibal.' The text read, he seemed so formal even via text message. Will scratched his head and sat down, it was 11AM already, he must have been asleep for at least 12 hours. He actually felt somewhat rested. It was a nice feeling to have for once. At least 3 hours alone unless Jack called, it would be nice to have a bath for the pleasure of warmth as opposed to cleaning the sweat off his body.

Will sunk into the warm water with a soft exhale, eyes drooping shut a little as the heat enveloped him, relaxed his muscles and his mind. He lay with his arms either side of him on the bath's rim and lay back to enjoy the feel of hot water against his skin. He let his body soften to the water's touch and sunk into its depths, steam rolling through the room and condensing against cool tiles before slipping slowly down the walls.

Will opened his eyes slowly only to see blood rolling down the walls in fat bright drops like the tiles were bleeding, it rolled into the bath and like ink coloured it in its garish hue. He couldn't move no matter how hard he struggled, wrists bound in place by thick cuffs at the sides of the baths. He thrashed wildly as the blood filled the bath, chains seeming to wrap around his ankles like vicious serpents pulling him under the bloody water. It filled his mouth and made him choke; thick and hot and as disgusting as he remembered. This was not how he wanted to die. The breath leaving his lungs was replaced with the blood laden water that weighed him down and gagged him. Black. It was all fading to black.

Hannibal could hear the water sloshing onto the tiles but took his time rolling up his sleeves and hanging his coat before it was too late. The desperate noises stopped as he entered, Will lay just below the water, eyes shut and lips parted. He must have drifted to sleep in the warmth. Hannibal gently eased him up and out, water trickling from his mouth in a soft stream. Violent chokes of a body desperate to live emptied Will's lungs of the rest of the water with the assistance of trained hands easing him into a better position. He quickly pulled out the plug and reached for a towel to cover Will's naked form. He seemed to dislike being looked at and the trust he gave was vital so some allowances were made. Hannibal felt like he was looking at a scolded child who had run away from his parents. There was shame and innocence in those eyes.

“Will?” He questioned, soothingly rubbing his back in circular motions “Can you breath?” Will demonstrated this with several heaving breaths followed by a spluttering choke as more water trailed down his lips and chin to his neck in clear streams. He looked down at himself and wiped the water on the back of his hand trying to take small breaths.

“Y-yes.” his voice was hoarse and pained from the water that had clogged up his body's piping. Will pulled the towel a little tighter about waist, bunching it in his fists “I-I can dress myself.” He muttered sternly. Hannibal nodded and took this as his cue to exit. Will curled up a little after he left, pressing a hand to his mouth to suppress the screams that fought to bust forth. By the time he was able to return to himself, most of the water had dried from his skin, it was at this point he realised Hannibal had seen him naked and vulnerable. And yet had covered him up. Will blushed slightly, swallowed to help sooth his aching throat, and stood shakily up in the bath. He dried the rest of himself with slow strokes of the now damp towel, discarding it to the laundry basket. It took a while for him to change; standing naked in the middle of the room and panting slightly as he tried to forget the dream. Underwear first but it was harder than normal with shaking hands. They were finally on and so were the jeans and red and white plaid shirt but both lay undone, his body too weak for fine motor skills as of yet. He pulled the shirt about himself a little before grabbing his glasses and heading down the stairs with one hand clutching the rail lest he fall on shaking legs.

The smell of food made his stomach churn but he knew he needed to eat, needed to recover from the ordeal. He had dreamt of drowning before and now it seemed his mind had all the information to replicate the feeling. He didn't want to sleep. Hannibal stood in the kitchen with rolled sleeves splattered with a discolouring, a hint of him having his hands in the water and pulling Will out, in the pan seemed to be something wrapped in vine leaves and being softly poached in water. Finely slice potatoes boiled in a pan while two ramekins stood to one side. It was oddly homely after the incident and was almost comforting. “Stuffed heart poached in vine leaves with a side of potato gratin.” he announced and turned to him, casting his gaze down his body at the untidy shirt and jeans “Allow me.” he said before moving close and buttoning up the shirt for him with quick movements. Hannibal straightened it out and slid his hands to do up the zip of his jeans, Will swallowed shyly and let him although he felt like he was going to say something incredibly stupid.

Will stood a little closer and watched him cook, the way his hands seemed so still and in command of everything going on around him. It was fascinating. Sliced potatoes were stacked amongst a simple spiced cheese sauce and topped with more cheese that would

become golden brown during cooking, the delicate potato slices spiralled outwards to cover the space and were slipped into the warmth of the oven's heat.

The firm muscle of the heart bobbed slightly into the gently steaming water, it had belonged to a rather rude shopping assistant and despite the health of his heart the rest of him was worthless, a liver that would require no wine for a joux and intestines that he would not use for sausages to feed to a dog. The heart was the only good part and it was not even his own. A pink ridge across the chest that was like a partially open door to the heart. It would have been a waste of perfectly good meat otherwise.

Will looked at the plate of food with the reserved awe often expressed by those looking at the culinary work of Hannibal Lecter. The potato gratin was golden on top, soft and creamy with the slight after taste of white pepper leaving a gentle heat. The heart was soft, the stuffing a rich mix of sage, thyme and lime juice with the bulky bread crumbs absorbing and flowing the flavour like peonies in bloom, a soft contrast to the firm meat. It almost felt a shame to eat something so beautiful but the pang of hunger he felt led him on. He swallowed a bite of the gratin with a gentle moan, savouring the taste that rolled over his tongue before swallowing it and breathing out with a soft content sigh.

Hannibal watched him eat with intrigue, perhaps Will was more neglected of the finer things than he had realised, it was a beautiful sight and he wondered what would happen if he realised the heart was human. He doubted he would take it well, he had seen disgust on his face before when cannibalism was encountered in a case. He did not understand the qualm of eating human flesh and organ and so long as it was of good quality; meat was meat.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> I apologize that this took so long and is shorter than I would have liked but due to the holidays i was forced to be sociable.

Will sat awkwardly next to Hannibal, he would have to leave soon and Will was left with the dilemma of begging him to stay and forcing him to go. Both were a painful ache in his chest, Hannibal made him feel somewhat secure but he was hard to read at times and that was a particularly dark pit he did not want to explore. The silence between them was mildly awkward but small talk would have been more awkward, Will did not like small talk, it seemed pointless and required a level of social interaction that made his skin crawl.

“I have an appointment at 5 O’clock, Will, but I am yours until then.” Hannibal leant on one arm which gently cupped his jaw and cheek, fingers splayed gently from his eyes to ears, Will's eyes darted away like a scared fawn. He watched his patient curiously, Will was attractive, but his mind more so and it was his mind that kept him off the not so proverbial chopping board. From an aesthetic point of view Will's eyes were incredibly enticing but what they held was in fact what held his attention; the way they flickered about and came to rest just to avoid his own eyes felt like the thrill of the hunt.

“Hmm?” Will looked up but not at Hannibal, those cool eyes were unsettling, off putting, too *focused* to give peace of mind “Oh...I shouldn't keep you from work.” He fidgeted slightly in the chair, head turned to the side but still aware of the eyes on him.

“And you are not,” Hannibal smiled to himself, he was very good at the long game and he knew gaining Will's trust would be long indeed “Even if you were not my patient I would have time for you, Will, I see you as a friend.” He did see Will somewhat as a friend, not a patient nor an acquaintance like so many in his life were.

“Friend?” he practically scoffed the foreign word “I don't have friends, I have...acquaintances and dead bodies.” He dropped his head with a sigh, he did not relate to those dead bodies anywhere near as much as the people who put them there. He suppressed a scream as the image of his own bloody hands fought to rise and curl about his neck, tighter, *tighter* it was annoying as much as it was scaring him. Intrusive thoughts sent him off the rails and he was barely on the rails as it was. Suicide had occurred to him once every now and then when it got too bad for him but they were merely thoughts and he would not act on them. They were just thoughts.

“Dead bodies at least cannot judge us, Will?” He chuckled softly at the idea, dead bodies could be incredibly judging “Or perhaps they do to you.” Will's empathy intrigued him, maybe one day he would be able to apply that to himself, although no one had come to

understand him as of yet and that suited him fine. People had the tendency to run from their predators.

“Oh, they judge me well enough.” he pressed a hand to his head, the headaches were getting worse but he was getting accustomed to their onslaught of pain “Pleading eyes, judging stares, like they know I could have saved them if I was better.” He pressed his palms to his eyes, glasses hanging loosely from one finger and pressing slightly against his cheek.

“You feel like you could save many people.” It was a statement more than a question, he knew that Will felt like a failure and while encouraging that would help to break him but his trust would only require small fissures for Hannibal to plant a few desirable thoughts “But alas we cannot help everyone Will, not even God can save those who are forsaken by others.”

Will chuckled dryly “God seems to enjoy letting people die. It must feel so *good*.” He stood up and began to pace, trying to give his body something physical to cling to other than his racing thoughts and swallowed “It doesn't feel good for me."

“You are not God.” Hannibal watched him pace about, continuing to face the way he was, Will tended to answer anyway; his hearing was good when he was not weighed down by thoughts but that was a fairly rare occasion. His broken boy seemed so fragile but there was a streak of darkness within him, left by murders and monsters that clawed at his fraying mind like antlers piercing the body of a dead girl “You are Will Graham and you are not require to save everyone.” He heard Will's steps falter but he continued anyway. Hannibal heard dogs coming closer, their stench was a background annoyance, he saw no point in Will having them but Will himself had his own collection.

He nodded at that, he *was* Will Graham, he knew that but sometimes it was hard to see past all the murders and monsters but he was Will Graham and that was hard enough to cope with. Sometimes he felt like he was constantly under a microscope, analysed, diagnosis, but no one really knew what he was, not even him. Pure empathy was an aspect of it but that was a symptom not a disease. Hannibal had a professional interest in him, he had said as much but there was the part of him that hoped it went further, was more personal. He wanted Hannibal to want him the same way he did; lust, he wanted to be lusted after. Will shook his head to rid him of those thoughts, it would be awkward if he was thinking sexually about Hannibal while Hannibal was within touching reach. “I...know, who, I am.” He added the words to divert both of them from what Will was thinking. He suspected Hannibal knew enough about his reactions to be close to mind reading.

Hannibal chuckled internally, Will looked like he was lost in his thoughts, it was a good look for him even when the thoughts were twisting about his mind, ripping him to shreds. He let him wander about the room, hands grasping the edge of chairs and surfaces for reassurance. Fingers brushed against his hair, quickly retracting as though burned, people tended to reveal what they did not want to be known within the tiniest details. Will's attraction was obvious through these details; dilation of pupils, avoiding eye contact even more than normal for him. It was entertaining to watch his body show signs of attraction, it was entertaining to watch him lose control in general. Helplessness had its attractions.

Will finally settled into the chair next to Hannibal, hands clenched about the edges of the arm rests like a life ring in the midsts of a stormy sea. He swayed a little before slumping back

into the chair, hands falling lax. He tried to take a few breaths before angling himself towards Hannibal “I think...” eye contact was too personal “That I am Will Graham.” he noticed Hannibal nod in agreement “But...Sometimes...they get left behind, like, like....” he trailed off, unable to think clear enough for a good analogy.

“Perhaps like a residue.” he finished for Will, shifting slightly so they were facing each other.

“Ye-yes...residue,” he nodded to himself “I don't want to bring it back with me, it just...*happens*.” he rested his head in his hands, exasperated by the bitter thoughts that ran through him. The contamination he got from the minds he touched had began to infect him, affecting him, making him want what they wanted. He wanted to kill. It made him feel sick to his bones with himself. He caught murders so becoming one was disgusting, despicable and he could not let it happen.

Hannibal watched Will's hands raking over his thighs again and again, a desperate measure to claw up from his mind and back to reality, he could stop him; just reach out and grab his wrist yet watching him fall apart was too interesting an opportunity to pass up. Will's breathing grew heavy and ragged, eyes darting from place to place like a scared butterfly in a storm. Hannibal stood over him and took his face in both hands, forcing the man to look him in the eyes. He saw manic fear in those orbs “Will,” he began to softly stroke his cheek “You are having a panic attack.” an obvious statement he thought as he lowered to a crouch, now facing Will at eye level “You need to breathe slowly are you will pass out, nothing is wrong, Will, you are okay.” A blatant lie. His Will was damaged and cracked, unlikely to be okay.

He couldn't kill, he *couldn't kill kill kill kill kill* Will began to gasp for breath, hands twisting into the legs of his jeans, salty rivers flowing over the outcrop of his cheek bones and down towards Hannibal's splayed hands. He swallowed and let the tears be brushed away, hands curling about Hannibal's wrists for dear life “H-ha...” He panted the name before dissolving into a fit of short breathless sobs, weeping in fear. He did not want to be like the people he hunted and yet they were a part of him, their desires were a part of him and it was killing him. Or more likely the next person who got in his way.

Hannibal left his hands to rest on Will's cheeks although more for the personal gain of feeling him than supporting him, he stroked over the stubble that pebble-dashed his face; Will had not shaved recently. He was patient with Will, waiting for the panic attack to pass after an uncounted amount of time, standing up only when he seemed to have calmed enough and gently removing his hands. Will looked up at him, head lulling to one side and lips parted, eyes a little wide as he met his own gaze. He seemed too weak to look away and he certainly was not going to miss such an opportunity.

Eyes...so distracting, he swallowed and took deep breaths now annoyingly aware of his breathing and how broken he must have seemed. He was normally so good at keeping this type of thing inside of him and yet here he was falling apart like ceramic under the blows of a hammer. It was getting harder to hide the cracks and what grew just below the surface. He frowned slightly as he tried to catch up with what had been going on in this room and not in his head. Hands, there had been hands on his face and they were Hannibal's hands. He finally managed to get his breathing under control, shifting so he was sitting slightly more upright but letting his head fall downwards, their gaze finally broken.

It was almost tangible, the madness that possessed Will Graham, it was in his eyes and his lips, his every cell seemed to sing *unbalanced* and other people noticed even if they did not know. It was not a violent madness but a slow storm that caught you up and before you knew it had you in its grip. Will's storm was growing violent and he knew it, Hannibal had witnessed the small bursts of violence, a broken chair or a plate smashed but no attacks on anything living yet. He still had morals but morals were confining, a tight collar. He himself did not have morals as such as it was more of his own set of standards of behaviour, if people fell below them and were not of use then their existence was not required and a plate would be their final resting place.

Will stood shakily and tried to compose himself "You should leave, I think I will go and sleep." he mumbled softly and stroked a hand through his hair leaving it messy and dishevelled. He waited for Hannibal to stand, one hand on the back of the chair as a stabiliser.

Hannibal stood, smoother the creases of his trousers and move with poise and grace to put his jacket back on "Goodbye, Will. Please contact me if you are in trouble." He nodded and turned, leaving the house and shutting the door on his way out with a thud and a gentle click before driving back to his office for an appointment with a rather benign man.

Will lay in his bed, unable to rest in the cool sheets, he felt lonely without Hannibal or the dogs, he opened his door and let them rush in and curl up with him. But it was not the same. He could talk to the dogs but it would be one-sided and of little help. Maybe if he lived with someone-no it would be amoral to take Hannibal up on his offer and yet he wanted to. He wanted to also push him up against a wall and rut against him like a horny teenager. Will pressed his hands to his face, sexually frustrated was a bad look on him. He rolled onto his side, trying to suppress the thoughts of wrinkled suits and how *good* it would feel to have his therapist so defenceless so at his own whim, that he could touch as he pleased. Will let out a slight moan and rolled onto his stomach. Thinking about fucking your therapist must be the first sign of madness. Or maybe the third.

The taste of blood flowed over his tongue. It was delectable and so very nice but it did not sate the hunger he felt with in him. He felt starved of this taste and wanted to drown himself in blood until he could not breathe. But for now in the seemingly endless room there lay only a puddle of blood. His reflection smiled wildly, a Chelsea grin; skin hanging lose and ripping wider as he screamed and screamed for it to go away. The hunger remained there a little but the screams were effective.

Will woke slumped in his bath and shivering at the cool ceramic against his skin, the sleepwalking was disturbing as much as annoying. He quickly scrambled out of the bath and looked into the reflection of the mirror. Heavily bagged eyes that made him look half dead but no cut from cheek to cheek. Not having your face ripped apart was a good thing to wake up to, bad dreams or not.

chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will moaned and twisted his hands in the back of Hannibal's perfectly ironed shirt, creasing it as he let out wanton gasps. Hannibal ground against him, both clothed but bodies entwined on the lounge chair that resided in the office. It was perfect for this. Will clung to his therapist, hands sliding into his hair, like this he forgot anything but the sensations of touch and arousal. No murder or pain dared to seep in to his mind. It was the closest to bliss he ever felt. His head lulled back and he felt the sharp sensation of teeth against his throat.

He awoke, body slick with sweat and panting slightly, feeling like a teenager once again as he sat and looked at the dark room, digital clock a gory red that pierced his eyes. He blinked a little. 6:00AM, he had time to shower and get ready for whatever this day held. Although the bath was still daunting after his near death experience.

Will clung to the edge of the bath as he sat and let water fall on him. Knowing his luck he would slip and fall only to be found naked and looking slightly more insane than normal. Sitting down and showering was the best option. Will groaned when he realised he was still wearing his glasses and leant over to place them at the edge of the bath before gently washing away the night time's sweat with slow strokes. The water was nice but he had to get out before he began to look like a prune. Will slammed off the water and quickly wrapped himself in a soft towel to avoid the sudden rush of cool air, standing there for a while before drying himself in a rush and getting dressed in simple jeans and a shirt with a dark green jacket to stave off the cold.

His phone began ringing, a shrill noise in the almost silence of the room. He tried to listen to Jack but his mind seemed to have drifted off, it awoke at the word 'body' “What?” he asked sounding tired.

“Are you awake Will?” Came Jack's impatient voice “Another body was found. Different again but the heart was found burnt and there was the same flaying.”

Will nodded before realising that Jack could not see him “Ah yes, where is it?” He quickly noted down the address and grabbed his phone and keys. Keys, on the desk. Not on the desk. Well fuck. He rummage about the papers and looked behind the desk to see them glinting between the wall and the wood of the desk, yanking them out before they could slip any further. The dogs were all in as the nights grew colder but several, Winston among them, tried to get out. “Sorry, sorry!” he said hastily, retreating to the confines of his car. The address was further out of town than the previous bodies, Will did not dare to think about what was there. These murders always chilled him to the core of his very being but nowhere near that of how easily he could connect with the bastards that put them there.

He screamed inwardly as he approached the flayed and destroyed body before him,the killer really had swerved off their original intent. He swallowed and brought himself to look at the child on the floor of the alleyway. It's skin in tatters about it but the cuts cleaner and a large

gaping hole just below his sternum and to the left of the 7th right rib, there was a graze to the costal arch at that point. It had been a brutal slash to get to the heart. He hadn't even noticed it was a child. Will's head swam, bile fought to rise up his throat and he gagged as he felt the twisted monster that had done this, slip into the cracks of his mind.

Will came to in his car "M-my name is Will Graham," his throat hurt like he had been screaming "The time is eleven thirty AM. And I don't know where I am." he looked about, he appeared to be in a lay-by at the side of a highway but he could not see any signs to tell him where he was. His phone complained that he had missed several calls from Jack and one from Hannibal. He swallowed as he tried to remember what had happened before but it only brought forth tremors that ran through his body and undid him. Will clenched the steering wheel and tried to slow his breathing. His eyes curled slowly open, catching a sign that had been slightly hidden by trees. He was 20 miles from home but considerably less than that from his therapist's office and he-that seemed far more attractive an idea than his almost empty home.

Hannibal was with a client which left a rather awkward Will sitting on a chair and trying not to bolt for his car. He curled his fingers beneath the seat as an anchor, practically able to feel his knuckles turn white. His appointment today was meant to be at 5PM so it was a little too early to claim to be early. Hannibal was free at 12:30 but that was not for another twenty minuets. He swallowed and lay back in the chair a little. Although he had slept well, sleep tugged at him willing him to come back to it. Will could not face sleep and possible dreams after the sight of that abused child. It was too much of a bait for his nightmares. Of course there was the worse option of him dreaming of Hannibal and waking up with a hard-on or worse.

"Will?" Hannibal's voice roused him from the shallow pool of unconsciousness he had been in "Ah you are awake." He smiled and stood straight, not seeming to mind that Will looked bedraggled and a mess. In fact to him this was Will on a relatively good day. Jack had called when Will had run off after seeing the child defiled like that. Taking the life of children was not something that he enjoyed doing. A child had potential to be a good person, or a bad one but until it grew up nothing was decided. He watched Will's eyes widen and dart down away from his own. "I have a free half an hour for my lunch so feel free to come and sit with me in my office." he offered politely, although there was really only enough food for one person, he doubted Will was ready to eat "Although I presume this is about the case not food." Will nodded and stood up, his legs seemed a little weakened by the stillness. It would be easy to topple him.

"Yes," he swallowed, face setting into a grimace "Jack called, didn't he?" Jack always seemed to warn Hannibal, was he that predictable? Although Hannibal was often his first call when he as distressed. But he *knew* Will like no one else seemed to and best of all he allowed there to be silence if Will did not feel like talking.

"He fears for you when you run off," he held open the door for Will before continuing as they both entered "But luckily you are a man of habit and we know you often return to here. So please take a seat and feel free to talk when you are ready." He watched Will move towards one of the arm chairs, he seemed to have a mild disdain towards the stereotypical chaise lounge as well as a tendency to fall asleep on it if he was exhausted. When Will slept he

looked incredibly beautiful as raw emotions tore across his face; fear, sadness, arousal, joy. The last was less common a sight but it the way his skin would crinkle slightly at the edge of his lips and eyes. The arousal had been highly awkward but at least it had been after his usual hours.

Will had fallen asleep on the chaise lounge, his body folded delicately facing him, with one arm in the air as it hung over the edge. Hannibal had left him to his sleep as sadly his last patient had seen fit to throw several large pieces of furniture about the room so they were now in the wrong place as well as being on their sides or back. Luckily none were broken. As he was moving an armchair back to the other side of the room he picked up on a slight moan and a smell that reminded him of an adolescent's time alone. Will being the only other person in the room had drawn his attention. He watched Will's lips part slightly, the sound that emerged from between them had a resemblance to his own name. He watched on with intrigue as Will's body became hot, sweat slick across his skin. Making no move to stop the events, he was merely observing the tension and relaxation of his muscles, the forms that they made were interesting as well. He watched Will's body soften in time and as he began to rouse made his way out of the room. His...patient was easily startled by the events of his dreams and he sought it best to let him exist with the preserved idea that he had been alone at the time.

Hannibal settled opposite him in his desk chair, looking at him with an unreadable expression "Would you like to discus the case? Jack gave me minor details but I think you have more than him." He retrieved the dish that contained his lunch; A few slender sausages that were to be eaten cold along with a few crackers that he had made himself using a buckwheat flour which gave them a slightly more uneven taste and texture. Although his cooking was something to be savoured, his time with Will more so. "It was a child this time. That was what upset you." with only the slight hint of it being a question.

"Yes, same...everything. Th-the killer seems to be *clinging* to the method but doesn't care who it is any more." Will rested with his hands pressed to his forehead. Just recalling this killer made him want to rip out his own brain. It felt...wrong and he could not explain why. Hannibal nodded for him to go on. It must have been annoying to have a...friend who turned up at your door whenever something went wrong. "I think...that the killer lost someone they loved...they were left alone and had no idea how to cope. He is-he believes that everyone will do the same so everyone is a target."

Hannibal nodded, this one was fairly sloppy, a heart was hard to just burn and by the look of it each one had been doused in an accelerant such as gasoline. "And what of the reason behind the method of assault? Is the killer showing how he feels?"

Will shook his head, this was a punishment not a plea "No, he wants them to feel how he felt...And to make sure that they never hurt anyone." his voice was low and quiet but in the still of the room it was still audible "The heart...is the scorn and lack of love. The flaying I think is because he felt raw to everything afterwards." He swallowed and settled back into the chair "He rapes them because...he wants to have control over them in their last moments."

"He sees rape as control, perhaps that is why the person who scorned him left. He is righting what he thinks was wrong." Will gave a slight nod, this one was of little interest to him but

the assaults were without reason and that was no way to kill.

“Yes...I think,” Will looked up suddenly “I don't think that he was abandoned only thought that he was going to be so assaulted her before she could leave him.” He swallowed “I think he was in a relationship with the first victim.” Will stood up “I have to go and tell Jack. Thank you for your time Hannibal.” he said in a rush and walked out hurriedly.

Hannibal watched him leave, finished his lunch and returned the dish to its normal place in his lowest desk draw before calling in his next client.

Jack Crawford looked down at Will. This was mostly because he was slightly taller and Will was hunched in a chair. Will had explained the motives of this killer which had not been so helpful but then the fact the killer had been in an a relationship with the first victim came about. That body had been hacked at with less precision, the work of angry hands. The more recent had become like the kind of stillness that a broken mirror possessed. The first victim, Juliet Thomas, had sadly been a recluse and so far no one could find anything out about her that was not written down and official. It was becoming...Irritating. Will had just sat in the chair, silent after recounting the latest details.

He feared that he had taken enough pain medication to kill a small child and sadly that thought had brought his mind back to thoughts of the abused girl that had laid on the floor of that alleyway. It was an image burnt into his memory and it would not move no matter how much he tried to think of something else. Jack had said that no one had seemed to know her. Well obviously he would not let her see any one. This killer was a control freak. And a sadistic bastard.

Will remained inside his mind for a while, eyes shut and head supported by his own angled hands; a marionette with its strings cut that had happened to land in a position where it could support itself. He looked vague. Lights off in a house. Gone. *SORRY we're close* and it was the closest to peaceful he had looked for a while. But there was a consuming fire inside of him that only passed a reflection across his eyes; a twitch of the lips or a flare of his nostrils.

He managed to escape just after the sun had set and an ink of pure navy had spilt across the canvas of the sky. Will did not notice the beautiful sky, because his eyes were slipping shut. He did not notice the edge of the road either. And that was an *almost* fatal mistake.

Blue lights flashed and rolled across his bloody face, turning the wounds violently blackened. The darkness wrapped about him and he allowed it to do so, too weak to care. This was peaceful, he could not feel a thing.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Will, I keep nearly killing him...

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> I am really so sorry this chapter is so short and has taken forever but I had exams and writers block and general stress so hopefully the next one will be longer but I just wanted to get something up so this was not so neglected.

Consciousness was a fleeting thing, a hand against his ribs the words...What were they... gone... *mild... lucky... Doctor L...*it all faded away like mist filling his brain, swirling and cooling him down. He came to like rain drenching the mist, his foggy mind slowly dissipating and the noise and general chatter in his head returned. The feel of needles in his arm and a tube...IV, again. He groaned and tried to sit up but his body ached, curling his hands experimentally, Will tried to remember why he was in the hospital. No memories rose to thee surface of his mind and it was tiresome. Will let himself feel up through his body, there seemed to be nothing missing or broken but he felt as though he were a patchwork of bruises. Will eased himself up into a vaguely upright position, catching the feel of eyes on him, it was unnerving but he forced himself to turn his head. Doctor Hannibal Lecter, a man with a job and many interests and almost unfathomable to Will's trained mind sat with one leg crossed over the other, here to watch poor dilapidated and insane Will Graham in the hospital.

Hannibal uncrossed his legs, gripping the arms of the chair to push himself up with efficiency as he moved to stand by Will's bedside, Alana Bloom had been the one to inform him of the incident; a head on collision with a large tree at the side of the road. Needless to say Will had been fine save some mild bruising but he had been unconscious at the time and an apparent head injury had been cause for concern. A passing stranger had called for an ambulance, Will really had luck on his side. He looked fragile, his body had seemed to close down, finding an opportunity to at last rest. This rest had lasted three days. The IV had to be brought in because he would not wake up and giving solid food to an unconscious person was generally difficult. He gently cast his eyes up to Will's face; protruding cheekbones looked a little gaunt but his eyes looked so very much alive “Will?” he asked softly averting his eyes to make him more comfortable.

“What...Car...Hospital.” he mumbled in a drug-induced slur and nodded slightly, the missing words and impressions of events stayed inside his mind and he understood them but they would not pass his lips. “Am..I...Hurt?” he whispered hoarsely as though his throat were lined with sandpaper. He looked to Hannibal who poured him a glass of luke-warm water, it tasted like the tears of angels from on high. Will sighed happily at his newly lubricated throat, gripping the blanket that covered him in slightly weakened fists. “I don't feel so bad.” He mumbled looking down at his clenched fists.

Hannibal sat at the edge of the bed “No, you were quite lucky. However it would appear that the crash itself was your own fault.” He held the cup of water to him, just a little too far for him to take without much hassle “Your car spun off the road and crashed into a tree.” he explained. Will had been lucky and he himself was annoyed with him for nearly dying before his plans came to fruition.

Will lay back and sighed, eyes closing softly “Do you know...when I can...go home?” his voice sounded dull in his ears, lifeless and tired, but he himself felt fairly well rested for once. The water tasted sweet against the dry savoury texture of his tongue and throat, Will sighed softly and blinked a few times to clear his eyes.

“A week, the doctors would like to check on you for any signs of delayed reactions so our sessions will have to be done here.” A smile flickered at the corners of his lips. Hannibal had spoken with the doctors and explained that any form of head scan would not be allowed due to Will's own wishes that no one would be inside his mind. It was a flimsy excuse but none the less had proven successful once he had explained it was in Will's beliefs. A total lie but he could not risk Will knowing that any form of psychosis he suffered was due to physical anomalies. Physical anomalies would lead to doctors that were not him. Will was his patient and his friend and he was not going to let anything stop him from making Will perfect in every way he knew how.

Hannibal smiled and Will smiled back a little weaker. This week would be a long arduous time fraught with people and lack of people, and no dogs. It was not the way to live. Alana would look after the dogs and Hannibal would look after him. He himself would not be able to look after anyone because of his own incompetence.

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